Wichita Eagle

A GRIEVOUS COMPLAINT.

"It's hard on a fellow, I do declare!"
Said Tommy one day, with a pout;
"In every one of the suits I wear
The pockets are 'most worn out.
They're 'bout as big as the ear of a mole,
And I never have more than three;
And there's always coming a mean little hole
That loses my knife for me.

"I can't make 'em hold but a few little things—
Some cookies, an apple or two,
A knife and pencil and bunch of strings,
Some nails and maybe a screw,
And marbles, of course, and a top and ball,
And shells and pebbles and such,
And some odds and ends—yes, honest, that's all!
You can see for yourself 'tisn't much.

"I'd like a suit of some patent kind,
With pockets made wide and long;
Above and below and before and behind,
Sewed extra heavy and strong.
I'd want about a dozen or so,
All easy and quick to get at;
And I should be perfectly happy, I know,
With a handy rig like that."
—Eudora S. Bumstead in St. Nicholas.

JIM.

"I've lost my pepper pot," said Deborah, looking sharply about the kitchen. "I wonder if you've been up to any of your tricks, Jim?"

Jim gave no answer except a toss of the head as he slowly walked across the kitchen, but Deborah's quick ears caught a little chuckle as he went out the door.

"I'll give it to you some day, you young rascal, if you carry away my things!" went on Deborah, shaking her fist at the little fellow.

"What's the matter, Deborah?" asked her mistress, coming into the kitchen.

"Oh, it's that Jim! He's always up to mischief. It comes nateral to that gypsyish sort to be tricky and sneaky, and there's no such thing as gettin' 'em out of it."

"If it's natural to them we ought to make some allowance for it," said Mrs. Graham, with a smile, as she helped Deborah to hunt for the missing pepper pot.

"No use a-harborin' such, seems to me," said Deborah.

"May be so," said Mrs. Graham, "but none of us somehow seems to have the heart to drive him away."

"I have," said Deborah very decidedly. "Look-a-there now—a everlastin' tease!"

The two watched Jim as with a roguish twinkle in his small black eyes he made his way to where old Carlo was taking his morning nap under the lilac bush and gave him a sudden poke. The dog raised his head with a growl, but Jim stood at a little distance, with a grave and innocent look at something on the ground.

Carlo settled down again, and quick as lightning Jim gave him another poke. Up jumped Carlo, with a savage look at his tormentor, but Jim stood in the same place, half asleep, and Carlo lay down with a long drawn sigh. Jim kept it up until the poor dog went to find a quieter place.

"I've seen him do that a dozen times," said Deborah laughing, "and I know he's hidden my pepper pot. Why, it ain't so long since I read a story about one o' that set—must 'a' been first cousin to Jim I reckon—that stole a elegant breastpin, and it was laid to a poor young girl that worked in the family. She was disgraced and turned off, and ever so long after it was found out that that creetur'd been the thief. I've no use for such!"

And so every member of the family could have declared, but no one would be the one to say that Jim must go. In the course of a long drive over country roads through a heavy storm the farmer had found Jim drenched and half starved. Of course he brought him home, and after being warmed fed and made comfortable the wild eyed, dark looking little vagabond had wisely settled himself in such good quarters, and had since showed no desire to leave them.

* * * * * * *

"You can come and help me peel the peaches now, Marian!" called Mrs. Graham to her daughter.

Marian came, looking admiringly at the baskets of rosy cheeked, downy fruit on the great table, all of which was waiting to be made into peach butter.

"Is that your pearl ring?" asked her mother.

"Oh—yes. I was clearing my drawer and put it on to see how pretty it looks and forgot it. I'll take it off."

The pretty lassie worked for hours over the peaches, paring, stoning, measuring out sugar, stirring and tasting. At length she skipped up to her room to dress, but soon came running back with an anxious face.

"My ring, Deborah! I left it on the corner of the table—back here. Have you seen it?"

"The land, Miss Marian! No, I ain't. And I've just this blessed minute scraped up all the peelin's and flung 'em out to the pigs."

With tears in her eyes Marian ran out to the lot in which the pigs were kept, and searched eagerly. But the grunters had made quick work of their luscious meal, and no ring was to be found. More slowly she went back, and looked about the kitchen with a forlorn hope that the ring might have escaped. But Deborah's scraping had been vigorous, and she went up stairs again with a woebegone look.

"She's a dreadful careless little piece," said Deborah, looking after her, "always a-leavin' her things 'round. But I ain't a-goin' to say it to her now she's a-feelin' so bad."

* * * * * *

"Ha, ha—you thievin' rascal! I've caught you at last, ain't I?"

Mrs. Graham and Marian hurried out at sound of Deborah's excited voice to see Jim struggling in her grasp. He was uttering short, angry cries and doing his best to free himself.

"I was just a-washin' my dishes," cried Deborah, "when this limb comes a-peekin' and a-pryin' 'round. I mistrusted he was up to somethin', an' I kep' my eye on him and seen him pick up one o' my teaspoons and sneak off with it. I took after him, and just got hold o' him right here—see? He was just a-slippin' that spoon into that hole fer to hide it!"

Mrs. Graham looked curiously at the hole, a small one near the ground in the weather boarding of the spring house.

"Bring an ax and knock that off, Deborah," she said.

Deborah did so and the three bent over what they saw.

"I'm blessed if there ain't my pepper pot!" exclaimed Deborah.

More than the pepper pot was there. Keys, nails, screws, a button hook, a gimlet, and as they turned them over Marian gave a scream of delight and snatched up her pearl ring.

Then she made a quick rush for Jim, and hugged and fondled him until he bit her to make her let him go, when he flew to the top of the spring house, and stood there chattering his discontent at such rough handling.

"You dear old crow!" exclaimed Marian. "If you hadn't stolen my ring off the table that day I never should have seen it again. Oh, Deborah, you have pulled out half his tail feathers!"

"Never mind," said Deborah; "they'll grow again."—Sydney Dayre in Youth's Companion.

Costly War Implements.

Tens of thousands of pounds of capital have to be sunk ere a single 111 ton gun can be manufactured. A particular reason for its being costly to make is that its production consumes a great amount of time. To build such a gun takes as long as to build a first class cruiser. Yet another reason lies in the fact that there are many and inevitable failures, which entail great waste of labor, if not of material.

The 111 ton guns, without their mountings, cannot be produced or sold to the government for much less than £15,000 apiece, the 67 ton guns for less than about £10,800 or the 45 ton guns for less than £6,300, and the expense of firing these guns, apart from the wear and tear of the weapons, mountings and ships, may be judged from the amount of powder and the weight of projectile used. In the case of the 111 ton gun the full powder charge is 960 pounds of slow burning cocoa or 850 pounds of Westphalian brown prism, and the projectile weighs 1,800 pounds.

In the case of the 67 ton gun the full powder charge of slow burning cocoa is 630 pounds, while the projectile is of 1,250 pounds weight. In the case of the 45 ton gun the full charge of brown prismatic powder is 295 pounds, and the projectile weighs 714 pounds. The estimated cost of one round from the largest gun is about £80, from the second about £50 and from the smallest about £30; but this is the cost of powder, cartridge and projectile only.—London Tit-Bits.

HE WANTED THE EARTH.

A San Francisco Butcher Who Let a Fortune Slip Through His Grasp.

For a long time after the bonanza excitement the stock market in San Francisco remained quiet and inactive. More or less trading was done in Comstock shares, of course, but the market as a whole was quietly settling down to what appeared a "bedrock" basis.

The Sierra Nevada and Union Consolidated mines at the northern end of the Comstock group were at this time particularly inactive, the former selling as low as fifty cents a share. Rumors, however, began to circulate about this time of a "strike" in the north end mines, and Sierra Nevada and Union began to climb upward.

John Powers, a butcher, owned at the time of which I speak a small shop at the corner of Hayes street and Van Ness avenue, and he somehow became imbued with the idea that there was more money to be made at stock speculation than in the butcher business. Acting upon this idea Powers, by mortgaging his business and borrowing what money he could, scraped together a few thousand dollars, which he deposited in the office of a Pine street brokerage firm.

He wasn't particular, he said, as to what stock he should buy, and finally settled on Sierra Nevada as being a good purchase, leaving instructions with his brokers to buy 100 shares for his account. This was done, and Powers was duly credited with the stock, for which had been paid $24 a share.

Meanwhile the rumors came pouring in from Virginia City about the great north end strike, and Sierra Nevada began to fairly jump forward, until it was quoted at $175. This would have satisfied any ordinary man, but not so Powers. Instead of selling he gave orders to buy more stock.

In the course of the next two weeks Sierra Nevada had reached $250 per share, and Powers, with 300 shares to his credit, was in debt to his brokers about $40,000. He could have realized at this point a clear profit of over $45,000. His brokers begged him to sell, but Powers was obdurate. He was after a million, he said, and as long as his margins remained good the brokers remained satisfied.

Powers then sold out his business entirely and put up the proceeds as additional margin. He began to look up favorable building sites for the residence he intended to put up that, he asserted, would "beat them 'nob heal' affairs all holler."

Having, like a skyrocket, reached its highest point, Sierra Nevada now began to come down, at first slowly and then more rapidly even than it went up. Powers had gone to the country for a few days to look at a ranch he had intended purchasing. His brokers had wired him to return, and he had supposed that it was because his stock had reached the $1,000 limit, at which figure he had left orders to sell.

It was with a very joyous countenance that he greeted his broker, whom he met on the street.

"Well," said Powers, "have you sold the stock?"

"Oh, yes," said the broker, "we had to. You see it began to fall, and to protect ourselves we had to let it all go at 140, and you now owe us $750, which I hope you can settle."

"What?" fairly gasped the astonished Powers. "Let it go at 140? And you say I'm in debt?"

"Yes," replied the broker; "we told you to sell, but you wanted the earth, and I guess you'll have to go back to your trade."

When it finally dawned on Powers that the broker really spoke the truth he was almost overcome with grief and disappointment. He rallied, however, and if any one now wants a choice steak "Johnny" Powers, who works for a large market concern on Pine street, is just the man to go to.

He will probably tell you that he ought to be and might have been a millionaire, but the quality of the meat will be good just the same.—New York Herald.

A Millionaire's Small Wages.

"How much do you make a day, my lad?" asked ex-Commissioner O. B. Potter of the newsboy from whom he was waiting to receive change.

"About fifty cents," the boy answered.

"That's just twice as much as I could earn when I was 13 years old," said the millionaire. "I might have been a rich man now if I had only had the start that you are getting."—New York Times.

WILD COREOPSIS.

A sea of blossoms, golden as the glow
Of morning sunlight on a wind rocked bay,
Beneath the breeze of this rare autumn day
Heaves in soft undulation to and fro.
Like incense, floating o'er the marsh below,
Come fragrant odors of the late mown hay.
Beyond, in harmony of green and gray,
The graceful tamaracks tower in stately row;
And wading through the shimmering waves with song
Upon his lips a fair haired youth I see,
Who swings off the saffron blossom bells.
Back roll the years—a melancholy throng,
And I behold in sea girt Sicily
Theocritus amid the asphodels.
—Congregationalist.

RACHEL'S EXPERIMENT.

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, Rachel," said Mrs. Edmonstone plaintively. "No, I wouldn't, not unless Betsy Tacker, the manty maker, had told me; and Betsy she never told a lie no more than George Washington did."

"Why, mother, what are you talking about?" questioned Mrs. Thomas Edmonstone, untying the elder lady's bonnet strings and relieving her of a splint basket, a black silk bag, a waterproof cloak and an umbrella.

"And I've come to see if it's true," added the old lady.

"If what's true, mother?"

"That you said you wished there wasn't no such person as m—me!" faltered Mrs. Edmonstone.

"Mother, you know I never could have said such a thing," cried out Rachel.

"Well, it wasn't quite exactly that; but Betsy Tacker she heard you say you wished there wasn't no such thing as a mother-in-law."

"Oh!" cried Rachel, with a hysterical little laugh, "I plead guilty. I did say that. But, oh, mother! it was under such strong provocation, and I never meant you. How could I, when you have always—always been so good to me?"

"I knew it couldn't be true," said Mrs. Edmonstone, setting herself in the easiest rocking chair and nodding her cap strings comfortably. "But how came you to make that ex-tra-or-dinary speech, Rachel, about mothers-in-law in general?"

"It was Tom," said the young wife. "He was so aggravating!"

"Thomas always was aggravating," said Mrs. Edmonstone, stirring the cup of tea that Rachel had brought her. "And what was it about now? The breakfast cakes?"

"Oh, you remember about the breakfast cakes, don't you?" said Rachel, with merry mischief sparkling in her eyes. "No, it wasn't the breakfast cakes this time; it was the shirts."

"The shirts!"

"Well, you know he said it was such a wasteful, extravagant proceeding to buy shirts ready made," explained Rachel. "He said the linen was poor, and the work regular slop shop style, and he declared you always used to make his shirts at home, every stitch, before he was married."

"So I did," acknowledged Mrs. Edmonstone, with a groan. "But that was in the old times, before you could buy such a good article as they have now."

"Yes, but Tom don't make any allowance for difference in times and customs," sighed Rachel. "He wanted home made shirts, and home made shirts he would have!"

"And you made 'em?"

"Yes, I made them."

"You were a great goose," reflectively spoke Mrs. Edmonstone.

"And—and Tom swore dreadfully the first one he put on"——

"I don't in the least doubt it."

"And he said they set like meal bags, and that they twisted his neck around as if he had just been hanged, and grasped him on the shoulders like a policeman! Oh, I can't tell you what he didn't say!"

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Edmonstone.

"He told me his mother's shirts set like a glove, and fitted him perfectly—and why couldn't I turn out a shirt like those? And it was then, mother dear," suddenly flinging her arms around the old lady's plump, comfortable neck, "that I lost my head, and told him I wished there wasn't such a thing as a mother-in-law in the world! And Betsy Tacker sat in the sewing room altering over my dolman in the spring style, and I suppose she must have heard me."

"Don't mind it, my dear," said Mrs. Edmonstone.

"No, I won't," protested Rachel. "But, oh, those shirts! I've been ripping them apart and sewing them together again, and rounding off a gusset here and taking in a plait there, until I've got so that I dream of 'em at night, and the more I try 'em on the worse they fit, and the more unreasonable Tom becomes. 'My mother never made such work of it as this!' says he."

"Thomas forgets," observed Mrs. Edmonstone severely.

"And I'm sure if things go on like this," added Rachel, pushing her short brown curls off her forehead, "it'll end in a separation on account of 'incompatibility of temper.'"

"No, it won't, my dear," said the mother-in-law. "Here, get me the pattern and some shirting muslin and a pair of scissors."

"What are you going to do, mother?" eagerly questioned Rachel.

"I'm going to make Tom a shirt. But don't you tell him, Rachel. We'll see whether it's Tom or the pattern that has altered."

Once more the mischevious light came into Rachel's bright blue eyes.

"I wish all the world was mother-in-laws," she cried gleefully. "Why, why didn't I think of this before?"

"One can't think of everything, child," said Mrs. Edmonstone consolingly.

Thomas Emondstone welcomed his mother cordially when he came home from business.

"I'm so glad you've come," said he. "We can have some of the nice old fashioned dishes now. Rachel can't seem to get the hang of them, although she has always had your book of recipes to guide her."

"Rachel's a good deal better cook than ever I pretended to be," said Mrs. Edmonstone. "They have patent egg beaters and cream whippers and raisin seeders, and all that sort of thing, now that they didn't have in my day. I never tasted nicer bread than Rachel makes, and these popovers are just delicious."

"You're just saying that to encourage Rachel," said Mr. Edmonstone, with an incredulous smile. "Things will run smooth now you've come. That's one comfort."

"Oh, I shouldn't think of interfering in Rachel's kitchen," said the old lady.

"Please do, mother," coaxed the wife, not without a certain quiver in her lip. "Do let Tom have a reminiscence of the old days while you are here."

"Well, just as you children say," conceded the mother-in-law good humoredly.

She remained a week at her son's house, during which period of time Tom was all exultant complacency.

"This," said he, "is something like living. I feel myself a boy again when I taste these apple fritters."

"They're not bad," said Rachel, who had made them with her own skillful hands. And she helped herself to a little of the sauce.

"And why don't you learn my mother's knack of making such pie crust as this?" demanded Tom. "There is no dyspepsia here!"

"I'm glad you're pleased," said Rachel, with a guilty glance at her mother-in-law.

"Oh, by the way, Tom, the last of the set of shirts is finished now. Will you put it on to-morrow?"

"I suppose so," ungraciously uttered Tom. "Will set like fury, I dare say, like all the rest of them!"

"You might at least give it a trial."

"Didn't I say I would?" still more ungraciously. "Those shirts will be the death of me yet," he added turning to his mother with a groan, while Rachel sat steadily observing the pattern of the table cloth.

The breakfast sat smoking on the table next morning when Mr. Edmonstone came into the room twisting himself as if he were practicing to be a human corkscrew. Mrs. Edmonstone glanced timidly up at him.

"Don't it fit, Tom?" she questioned.

"Fit! Just look at it, will you?" he retorted. "Fit! Hangs like a window curtain around my neck—pinches my wrists like a pair of handcuffs! I feel as if I were in a strait jacket"—writhing impatiently to and fro. "Oh, I might have known it beforehand—you haven't an idea what the word fit means. I wish, mother, you could teach this wife of mine how to make a decent shirt!"

"Thomas," said Mrs. Edmonstone solemnly, transfixing him with the glistening spheres of her spectacle glasses, "you're not very polite. I made that shirt."

"You, mother!"

"Yes, I myself. Just as I used to make shirts for you in the olden times that you're always sighing after. I've been working at it ever since I've been in the house. Throw away the pattern, Rachel, and don't waste any more time trying to make your husband's shirts," she added. "It's an economy of time and temper, as well as of money, to buy them ready made. It's Tom that's in fault, not the work. And as for the cooking you've been praising up so eloquently all the time I've been here, I haven't touched a pot or a pan. It's all her—your wife's work. So much for imagination. Oh, you needn't hang your head so sheepishly—you're neither better nor worse than other men," went on Mrs. Edmonstone. "And I never saw the man yet that didn't need to hear a wholesome truth now and then. You've got the best and sweetest little wife in the world."

"Mother," pleaded Rachel, trying to put her hand over the old lady's mouth, but Mrs. Edmonstone resolutely persisted.

"And it's my advice to you to try and treat her as she deserves."

"I—I don't know but that I have been rather cranky of late," said Tom self consciously, "now that I come to think of it."

"Cranky! I should think so," said the old lady. "I'm sure I don't know what the world's coming to. Here's little Georgy toddling around with his wooden cart. The first you know he'll be telling his wife about the wonderful successes his mother used to make in this, and that, and the other thing. We've all got to come to it."

"And Georgy 'll be right," said Tom, who after all had a magnanimous streak through him. "What a crab I've been all this time. Hang the home made shirts! I'll buy 'em out of the store next time! Kiss me, Rachel—and you, too, mother! And be sure you let me have a dish of scalloped oysters when I come home to dinner." The oysters Rachel cooked.

He ate his breakfast and departed. And when he was gone young Mrs. Edmonstone looked with shining eyes at old Mrs. Edmonstone.

"Oh, what a nice thing to have a mother-in-law!" said she fervently.—Shirley Browne in Fireside Companion.

In the Way.

Engineer—That drug store has got to be moved back from the railroad track.

Director—What's the matter with it?

Engineer—I forgot about it's being there last night, and when I saw that red light in the window I thought it was a danger signal, and I stayed here for one blessed hour before I remembered.—Harper's Bazar.

People's Five Year Benefit Order.

The record of the order since April 1, 1889, is as follows: Membership, Sept. 1, 1890, 10,400; amount loaned as relief claims, $65,000; securities deposited with state treasurer, nearly $80,000; actual reserve [illegible]

Railway construction is proceeding apace in Mexico. The Mexican Financial Review estimates that during the nine months ending June 30, 1890, upward of 903 kilometers of rails were laid down. It is expected that even greater progress will mark the next year.

The car shops which it is proposed to build near Bradford, Pa., will, it is said, equal in importance the Pullman works at Chicago. The plans for the buildings have been prepared. The main building will be 1,100 feet long by 160 feet wide. The company has a [illegible]

The Dear Girls.

Maud—Col. Soanso is a very polite man.

Ethel—What makes you say so?

Maud—When he saw you and your sister Clara at the ball last night he said "Which is the younger?" instead of "Which is the elder?" as other men do.—Epoch.

Rushi's Modest Start.

John Rushi began his career as a waiter ten years ago in Delmonico's. In a year he managed to save $500. Among the guests he was accustomed to wait upon was Russell Sage. One day after Mr. Sage had finished an unusually hearty meal he became quite talkative. Rushi mentioned that he had saved $500, and timidly asked if Mr. Sage could suggest a good way to invest it.

The financier thought a while, and taking a small piece of paper from his pocket wrote the name of a certain stock upon it. Rushi's $500 soon grew to $5,000, and so on. He still works as a waiter, and it is safe to say that none of the people who order him about is aware that he possesses so much money.—New York Telegram.

One Hand Washes the Other.

Plymouth, Mich., has three factories turning out toy air guns. Several shrewd and far seeing manufacturers of glass eyes are said to own stock in these concerns.—Minneapolis Tribune.